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AN ELEGY IN MEMORY OF THE Much Esteemed and truly Worthy Ralph Marshall, Esq;

One of His Majesty's Justices of Peace, &c.

By N. TATE, Servant to His MAJESTY.

Dignum Laude Virum Musa vetat Mori.
Hor.

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Printed by R. ROBERTS for the Author.
MDCC. 17. Jun.

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TO THE
READER.

ALL that knew this Worthy Perſon, will ſee that I have endeavoured to Write his Elegy in the ſame honeſt Plaineſs and Sincerity with which He Liv'd. I confeſs I was more concern'd for Reſemblance, in this Piece, than for Fineneſs of Strokes, or Embelliſhment of Colours. If the Features are hit, it will be acceptable to his Friends, for whoſe Conſolation it was Deſign'd. I muſt here beg leave to mention one Circumſtance, that is, His Intended *Retirement from Affairs of This World, that He might devote Himſelf,* Intirely, *to the Concerns of a Better: Whither it has pleas'd Providence to call him ſooner than Expected by his Survivers, the Only Sufferers by his Removal. All the Repriſal we can make upon our Loſs, is (for the Benefit of our Selves and Poſterity) to Celebrate the Memory of his Exemplary Virtues: And an* Epicede *That does any Juſtice to His Character, will be the moſt laſting* Monument *that can be made for Him.*

ELE-

TO THE

READER.

ELEGY

ON

Mr. Juſtice Marſhall.

O Can ſuch Worth and Virtue be Expir'd,
(By All Lamented, as by All Admir'd), (Loud,
And Muſes, whoſe Complaints ſhould be moſt
Mute Mourners ſtand amongſt the ſighing Crowd?
All Rites perform'd, that to his Hearſe belong,
And no kind Bard provide the Funeral Song?

How can they Sing, whoſe Wit and Fancy's fled
To fetch th' *Arabian Phœnix* Spicy Bed;
And of their Treaſure *Eaſtern* Climes beguile,
To crown his Urn, and deck the Fun'ral Pile.

Miſtaken Zeal! let Wit and Fancy reſt;
And Truth be Only for this Service preſt:
Unblemiſh'd Truth, that made his Actions ſhine,
And grac'd his Life, will beſt Adorn his Shrine.

Erect a Pyramid; no Leſſer Tomb
Can for his Merit's Hiſtory have Room;
That done---- Invoke no Muſe, but Only Write
What Mem'ry, not Invention, ſhall Indite.

HEre *MARSHAL lies*, whom *Engliſh* Virtue crown'd;
Ev'n ſuch as our Great Anceſtors renown'd.
Which, if eſteem'd ſo Gen'rous and Sublime,
When 'twas the Mode and Practice of the Time;
O what was His! that Nobly did engage
Againſt a Lewd and moſt Degen'rate Age;
And (as of *Jordan's* Sacred Stream 'tis ſaid)
Through a *Dead Sea* of Vice her Current led
Clear and Untainted, as the Fountain's Head.

What Numbers can his Character relate,
Or as a Member of the Church or State?
Who though to Each a moſt devoted Friend,
Wou'd Neither's Rights, in t'Other's Wrong extend;
But juſtly render'd, as he Wiſely knew,
The Church's, *Cæſar's*, and his Country's Due.

To Books no Stranger; Books that were of Uſe
He read, and into Practice did reduce:
Studied to know what Sages underſtood;
Yet leſs he ſtudi'd to be Skill'd than Good.

His Judgment, though diſcerning and ſublime,
Diſdain'd not to conſult with Care and Time:
This render'd his Performances ſo vaſt;
Nor only great, but model'd Long to Laſt;
And, by Deliberation made ſecure,
The utmoſt Teſt of Cenſure will endure.

Regard to Others Sentiments he paid,
Yet ſtill by Reaſon, not Opinion, ſway'd;
Held to old Cuſtom's venerable Way,
Till That from Truth's more Sacred Path did ſtray.
Firm in Reſolves, becauſe with Caution wrought,
The laſt Reſults of well-digeſted Thought.

A Mind thus furniſh'd, to compleat its Store,
Could want or wiſh but One choice Bleſſing more;
Which, happy Temper did to Him diſpenſe,
(The Gift at once of Nature and right Senſe);
That Others Weakneſs He did ne'er deſpiſe,
Who was Himſelf the Wonder of the Wiſe.

His Converſation by ſtrict Prudence ſteer'd,
In which no Shadow of Offence appear'd;
But of Demeanor the juſt Pattern gave;
Diſcreet in Mirth; without Moroſeneſs, Grave.

Reſerv'd, yet never fail'd in due Reſpect;
Shew'd Courteſy to All, to None Neglect:
Poor Honeſty, Above its Rank, would treat;
Yet ne'er was known to fawn upon the Great.

For Piety None cou'd have more Eſteem;
Yet Pious rather ſtrove to *Be*, than ſeem:
Sincere as Saints; and, like true Saints, took Care
To give Religion a Becoming Air.
Nor thought it juſt or gen'rous to affright
The World with That which was his own *Delight*.

Not fierce the Zeal that did his Breaſt inſpire;
Though bright, and laſting, as the Veſtal Fire:
Secret like That-----Yet, when from Human View
'Twas moſt Retir'd, deſcending Angels drew.

To Bus'neſs none more vig'rouſly appli'd;
Yet with ſuch eaſy Paſſage ſeem'd to glide,
As if he always ſail'd with Wind and Tide.
Croſs Gales muſt oft in Seas of Bus'neſs riſe;
Croſs Currents in each vaſter Enterprize:

Yet,

Yet, when perplex'd, a painful Courſe he ſteer'd,
Freedom and Pleaſure in his Looks appear'd.

When Tempeſts roſe, and Ruin was in View,
When All, deſpairing, from the Helm withdrew,
His Reſolution with the Danger grew;
Perform'd a Pilot's part of Pains and Skill,
And left the Reſt to Providence's Will.

Thoſe very Paſſions that our Peace moleſt,
Supported the Calm Empire of his Breaſt;
And, tam'd to Diſcipline, did only move
By Duty's Call, and Orders from Above.

Bleſt Temper, that, through Life's uncertain Scene,
Could ſhun Extremes, and keep the Golden Mean;
With modeſt Joy receive what chanc'd to Pleaſe;
And to Affliction give an Air of Eaſe!

His Counſels we like Gems did juſtly prize;
Yet Oh how gen'rouſly would he Adviſe!
Or if Occaſion did Aſſiſtance crave,
His Pains as free as his Advice he gave:
And if Advice and Pains would not prevail,
He caſt his Int'reſt in, to turn the Scale.

Like a Warm Sun he dealt his Beams around;
And Men of all Degrees his Influence found.

O Comfort, where ſuch Warmth and Light were met!
O Grief, that ever ſuch a Sun ſhould ſet!

Wealth, for Wealth's ſake, he never did purſue,
But for the Good well-manag'd Wealth could do:
Commanding That which ſordid Souls Obey'd,
The Miſer's God his uſeful Servant made.

Rich in Contentment with his mod'rate Gains,
He reap'd the Harveſt of his honeſt Pains;
Nor envi'd Larger Fields, by Fraud procur'd,
And with Extortion's poyſon'd Dung Manur'd.

His Juſtice would (ſhould Fame his Juſtice tell)
Be Disbeliev'd------ or thought a Miracle.
'Twas ſuch as Artleſs Innocence inſpir'd,
Before *Aſtræa* from the World retir'd:
When ev'ry Soil pr oduc'd her Grain, Untill'd,
And Honey-Drops from ev'ry Tree diſtill'd:
When Angels had of Mortals little Odds;
Earth ſeem'd a Heav'n, and Men a Race of Gods.

But One Celeſtial Flow'r is wanting yet,
The Garland of his Virtues to compleat:
His Charity-----Still loath to come in View,
As heretofore ſhe modeſtly withdrew
From the World's Eye; and fell like *Midnight* Dew.

When-

Whene'er a Publick Visit she did make,
'Twas not for Pomp, but good Example's sake:
To clam'rous Want more sparingly she gave;
But Went to such as could not Come to Crave;
Stole, to *Domestick Poverty*, her Way,
That Sick and Gasping in Obscurement lay:
Distress of ev'ry kind employ'd her Care,
But modest Mis'ry had the Largest Share.

From hence the vast Success we understand
Of ev'ry Work that *MARSHAL* took in Hand.
What could he not, with Prudence for his Guide,
And Providence, in secret League Alli'd?

Where will the Chain of his just Praises end,
Should Fame as far her Elogy extend?
Where shall she Write------
The *Husband*, *Father*, *Master*, and the *Friend*?

Happy the Realm where Government's maintain'd
Like that which in his private Houshold reign'd;
The Mansion, where, as in some Patriarch's Tent,
Peace, Piety, and Angels did frequent.

Yes---- There so long they made their Residence,
Till They, in kind Surprizal, bore him Thence.

They

They watch'd their Time to make Him now their Gueſt,
And gently ſtole Him to Eternal Reſt.

Few Months had his long-wiſh'd Retirement giv'n,
Which is on Earth, the neareſt Stage to Heav'n;
But Heav'n, as if Impatient of Delay,
Sent down to meet th' *Elijah* on his Way.

F I N I S.

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